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THE

BELFAST MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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COMMUNICATIONS, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine.

MY father was once a wealthy silk merchant in Dublin. In my girlish days my spirits were great and every prospect seemed doubly charming. I was often told that my father was the richest man in the city. My present affluence charmed me and my future prospects were an inexhaustible fund of pleasure to my aspiring mind. I was often told by my servant what a fine girl I would be, "and really Miss you are almost as big as myself." Thus was I poisoned, my mind being weak. Small might be the portion of flattery to induce me to take all those airs to which I thought my father's only daughter was entitled to. I had two brothers younger by many years than myself: my poor mother died with anxiety when she had buried four beautiful daughters: I was admired by my father, and flattery became familiar to my ear while it poisoned my heart. At my fourteenth year I was sent to a fashionable boarding school in London, as my father said that his Maria should not be educated in Ireland. I was dazzled with the variety of all I saw, and every thing I did, however ridiculous, was applauded. I was so presumptuous as to think, when I heard of many great houses in Dublin failing, that it was impossible for my father to be reduced to that situation.

Delighted and seemingly delighting others, I one morning observed a change amongst my companions: they seemed as if they caught the disease one from another: they were cool and every foolish thing I said and did was no longer laughed at, I went to my governess, she had the newspaper in her hand and informed me of my father's house stopping payment. This downfall was so unexpected it almost broke my heart. I received a letter next morning, all my gay expectations were blasted, my father had lost a great deal, and his debts were great; I went home; the disappointment plunged me into a fever. I recovered my health along with a deep repentance for my folly and pride, and I shuddered to think I had ever the presumption to suppose I was out of the reach of misfortune. This event has humbled me, and I trust it is one of the greatest favours that the All-merciful has bestowed on one of the most ignorant of his creatures.

M. S.

To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine.

SIR,

THE following description of a *lusus naturæ*, which, as far as I have heard, is of a very uncommon nature, will not, perhaps, be unacceptable to some of your readers.

A gentleman of the county of Down, some time since, being at breakfast in a farm-house, a goose-egg of very large size was laid on the table; on his remarking it, he was told that it had been laid by a goose which frequently laid eggs with a double yolk. On opening it with this expectation, he was surprised with a phenomenon still more singular. Within the white of the egg, which was very thin at the end that was broken, was a second perfect egg, covered with a shell in every respect resembling the outer one, so that it has every appearance of a small egg artificially introduced into a larger. The inner egg remains unbroken; and I am informed that it has been preserved, and sent to a gentleman in Dublin, who is engaged in making a collection of natural and artificial curiosities.

I should be glad to know whether a